数TARZAN ※OF ※THE ※APES ※

By Edgar Rice Burroughs-



Not Like Any Story You Have Read

ing her forehead. "Try to sleep again, and do not worry your little head about bad dreams."

That night a little son was born in the tiny cabin beside the primeval forest, while a great tiger screamed before the door and the deep notes of the lion's roar sounded from beyond the lion's roar sounded from beyond the ridge.

Lady Greystoke never recovered from the shock of the great ape's attack, and, though she lived for a year after her baby was born, she was never again her baby was born, she was never again fourside the cabin nor did she ever fully realize that she was not in England.

In his leisure Clayton read, often facilities children—picture books, primers, readers—for they had known that their little child would be old enough for such before they had hoped to return to England.

At other times Clayton wrote in his clayton which he had interrupted.

At other times Clayton wrote in his clayton which he had always been accustomed to keep in French, and in which he recorded the details of their strange life. This book he kept locked in a little metal box.

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A Jungle Romance, With a Hero Who Grewt of Manhan Face. **A Human Face.** **A Human Fac

a prayer rue brought from Europe by the newly-rich Crockers to adorn their Detroit home. In choosing Detroit for

the scene of his contemplated crime the author proved his ignorance of a city distinguished for its old families rather than for such awful "yapa" as the Crockers. The mother was turruble, the father did nothing but follow the r's she rolled, and the daughter displayed feet that put Chleago out of the running. Their conversation had the light-

"S'Matter, Pop?"

because the state of the state

we had to listen to it without relief until Miss Laura Hope Crows and H

JUST THEN THE APE

















